

novels, to this brother-in-law of Maria JEdgeworth, are depraving, and indeed the source of certain diseases.

Fortunately, he never lived to read his son's wild poetry, But it was to narratives of passion that he really objected; for he admired Sterne, and could himself be sardonically playful on occasion, as when in his introduction to Brown's *Elements of Medicine* he sketched an latrologia, or Linnaean classification of physicians into genera and species 'according to their salutary, their neutral, or their noxious qualities'. 'It is said', records Dr. Stock, 'that this publication had not long appeared, before the friendly zeal of some of its readers had traced among some of their medical acquaintance the supposed archetype of every sketch, the features of which were unfavourable.' Even the friends of modern novelists could hardly have a brighter time.

As a person Dr. Beddoes seems to have shown the same combination of solidity and oddity, gravity and humour. Unattractive to look at ('so short and fat that he might do for a shew* was the hearsay account of himself he was once given by a lady who did not know him, at breakfast in an inn) and indeed almost forbidding in his manner, he could yet relax to a charming smile. Behind his rolling periods lurked a strange and wayward imagination; behind his coldness, a great warmth, of affection. In 1794. he fell very much in love with, and married, Anna the

daughter of Richard Edgeworth, who had
helped him in
various ways at Clifton. There was a good
deal of the
same solemn yet shutde-witted ingenuity
about both men,
and the author of *Practical Education* was
doubdless in-
terested in the projector of Rational Toys.
They must,
indeed, have made the oddest pair—the
stocky, poetical
physician and the chubby Irish squire who
marched so
purposefully from scheme to scheme, from
self-improve-
ment to self-improvement, from wife to
wife, beginning